

The Bet

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Summary: This is a side story to go along with Servant of Memories, about a little bet that Astrid has with Babette about the identity of the Dragonborn. This is going to be a short story continued if I get requests to update. *WARNING: This can be a stand alone, but will contain spoilers to the bigger fic, SoM. To those who have read SoM, enjoy this comedic side fic!

1. Chapter 1

****Hello readers! This is the little side story that I mentioned writing earlier. It is a side story to go along with Astrid's comment in Servant of Memories "Babette owes me fifty septims." How did that bet come about? Read to find out! If you would like me to continue this story, please leave a review saying so and I will update as soon as they start coming in!****

*******WARNING: THIS STORY WILL CONTAIN SPOILERS FOR MY STORY, THE SERVANT OF MEMORIES, TO WHICH THIS SHOT IS A COMPAINION****

****Enjoy!****

****The Bet****

With a hard swipe of its tail, Astrid and Shadowmere with rolling around in the dirty snow like tin cans, groaning and whinnying in pain as their bodies slapped against rock. The Viking woman just skidded to a halt, remaining face down in the ground before miserably pushing herself up on her elbows, coughing up blood.

The dragon turned around rapidly, taking in the sight of his wonderful pray miserably before her. The woman just looked so sweet, so innocent, and like a little snack for the recently awoken beast. She licked her lips before coming closer, bearing her teeth in a cynical grin.

Astrid concentrated on her breathing, insides freezing under the steaming gaze of the dragon. She looked up with a strained neck to see her horse unconscious about twenty feet away, his image doubling in her eyes. She could almost feel the dragon's hot breath pour over her like lava, chilling her to her bones. The sensation reminded her of her teenage years, and being paralyzed by the mist of the Flightmare, and she quickly began thinking.

What would Hiccup do? What would Hiccup do?

"Nivahriin joore," the dragon spat, disgusted Astrid's seeming weakness and inching closer, her snout now inches from Astrid's side, ready to bite her in half.

Cowardly mortal.

She had called her a cowardly mortal.

Astrid froze, horrified at recognizing the language. For years, Hiccup had talked about the dragons having an innate way to speak to each other, and she started to think he really was just becoming that one crazy dragon guy, like Mildew or something. When he had insisted that he was conversing with Toothless for the fourth day straight, she finally agreed to sit in on one of their "conversations."

To her astonishment, Hiccup and Toothless seemed to sit and actually converse, speaking in a strange but oddly enticing language that was the furthest from Norse she could image. Fascinated, she learned everything she could from Toothless and her boyfriend, slowly learning the language of dragons.

Could it really be that simple?

Finding a new strength and bravery, Astrid pushed herself into a sitting position, spitting out fresh red blood into the snow. She gasped as a previously unseen gash was spilling crimson down her back and into her armor, making it sickly sticky. She turned to look at the salivating dragon, staring her directly in the eyes. The sight was cold and hard, with an indiscernible sense of power. It was admirable, even though she saw the hunger for her flesh in them.

"Aaz," Astrid spoke, still holding miserable eye contact. Astrid held out her hands defensively, still trying to catch her breath as the dragon's eyes narrowed and she jerked back in response, scales scraping together.

"Sahrot, dovah. Please," she begged, "Mercy, mighty dragon. I speak your tongue. Hin rotmulaag."

The dragon stared blankly at her for a moment before what seemed to be a grin slunk onto her face. "I see, mortal. You are wise and have knowledge of the dovah," she spoke huskily, inching closer with glistening eyes. "I spare you with regret."

Astrid's heart fluttered in her chest as she tried to hide a hopeful grin. Her eyes betrayed her as they began brimming with tears. "Thank you. By Mighty. Kos sahrot."

With one final glance of almost approval, the massive silver-plated dragon took the sky.

Astrid felt the wind of her wings throw dust into her eyes as she took off, ignoring the bleeding Viking woman. She finally flew out of sight with one last strong roar, leaving the blonde to slump against the tree with a sigh, still pawing at her gaping wounds and wondering how she was going to get home.

2. More of The Bet

****Well, here is the rest of **_**The Bet**_**, just a little side story about Astrid and Babette. Hope you enjoy! Leave a review, and also, if you want, a prompt for my new drabble series I will be starting. Anyway, enough blabbering, here it is! Remember, this contains BIG spoilers for my longer story, **_**Servant of Memories. ***_**throws confetti in a festive manner*****

It took her all night, but Astrid was finally home in the early hours of the morning when the sun had barely come over the tops of the trees. She had run out of healing positions on the way back and was just hoping to survive as she slammed into the Black Door, pushing it open to begin her decent.

Babette looked up from her alchemy table just in time to see Astrid trip down the stairs, trying desperately to keep herself up against the slick wall of the cave. Her husband was instantly at her side, trying his best to ignore her blood-drenched clothing as he wrapped an arm around her waist. Her head rolled back as she tossed an arm around his broad shoulders, feet stumbling under her weak legs. Not only was she covered with blood, but her armor was saturated with dirt and snow, obviously from pulling herself along the ground.

"Astrid!" Babette cried, before dropping all of her materials and running to her side. "What in the Void happened to you? Yes, right there, Arnbjorn," she said, gesturing towards an open bed near the pool, placing a careful hand on Astrid's back.

As carefully as a werewolf could manage, he put his wife down on the bed, hairs standing up on his arm every time she let out even a small wince of pain. "Bear," she muttered through gritted teeth, sweat beading on her forehead as she sat down slowly.

Babette nodded before placing a hand behind her head and helping lay her down on the furs. She lifted a side of her dress before removing a small dagger she had strapped to her calf. "You're going to hate me for this, Astrid, but I am saving your life." All the blonde could do was nod.

The vampire ground her teeth together as she began snagging precious pieces of armor under her blade and severing the fibers to get to her wounds. As she carefully cut through the fabric and around the gash, she had to ignore her salivating mouth and remember that this was Astrid, and she needed her. The girl looked away as she made the final tear, the leather pulling slightly away from her skin. Babette bit her lip as she pulled the cloth away from the wound, clotted blood causing resistance. Astrid cried out in pain.

Arnbjorn held his wife's hand tightly, kissing it gently with worry in his eyes. He did not let his gaze waver from her head, thrown back in agony and her other hand gripping tightly at the bed sheets.

"Cicero! A pail of water from the pond!" Babette called behind her. Better make use of the jester. Up until then, he was sitting there gaping at the three of them with wide, crazed eyes, almost enjoying the bloody commotion. He returned with a bucket of water and a few clean rags just as the remaining associates of the Brotherhood filed into the room.

"By the gods," Nazir mumbled, stopping almost dead in his tracks.

The Listener, a young Dark Elf by the name of Chimera, and Festus pushed through to get to Astrid's bedside. Babette was already using the water to dab the blood out of the way, helping to detach the wound from her clothing. Nazir watched the seemingly young girl; her muscles clenching horribly, sweat beading on her brow, and her pupils repeatedly widening and narrowing. He quickly made his way over to her, placing a hand on her shoulder and forcing the bloody cloth out of her hand with the other. She hesitated at first, knowing she was needed at Astrid's side, but she ultimately knew that it was best she left the scene.

"Don't worry, my dear," Festus told her gently. "We will take good care of her."

Nazir nodded in agreement at Babette, sliding a protective arm around her and slowly turning her away from the bloody display. With one last look, Babette turned away from Astrid, knowing it would only make things worse if she stayed and let the vampirism take hold.

Seeing that she was gone, Festus and Chimera turned to Astrid, now breathing heavily and occasionally coughing up a bit of crimson saliva. Soon their hands were glowing and flowing over her body. After a few moments, the pair shared an uncomfortable glance that Arnbjorn was quick to pick up on.

"What? What's wrong with my wife?" he sputtered, hands now shaking.

Chimera glanced at Festus before speaking. "Her wounds are just worse than we previously anticipated," she said quietly, before drifting her gaze guiltily to the ground.

Arnbjorn nodded and looked back towards Astrid. "It's going to be alright, Astrid. I love you."

Chimera made eye contact with her fellow mage and nodded, raising their hands over her form again. "I am so sorry, Astrid," Festus mumbled, before reaching into his pocket to pull out a small scrap of leather and placing it between her teeth. "Forgive us."

With that, they both let a golden glow escape their palms and flow into her body. She instantly arched her back against the bed, screaming against the leather and whipping her head back and forth with tears in her eyes. Arnbjorn gripped her hand tighter, mumbling

sweet nothings softly in her ear while the mages continued to heal her.

Nazir and Cicero watched from the sidelines silently, admiring the way the two closed her wounds, sealing it tight. At the same time, they were both pale with fear, Redgaurd and insane jester alike. Muscle fibers reconnected as skin was stretched over the wound that stretched from her shoulder down to her opposite hip. By now, Festus and Chimera were sweating and panting while Astrid had calmed down, her breathing returning close to normal and her eyes beginning to close.

Soon the wound was nonexistent on her pale flesh and the mages removed their palms from her, Chimera falling backwards and Festus standing with a shake and cradling his head in his hands.

"Sithisâ€|" Festus mumbled, gently shaking the haze from his head.

"No kidding," Chimera agreed, eagerly taking Cicero's hand to pull her to her feet.

Festus looked over at his Listener with a questioning look on his face. "Do we tell them?"

Chimera leaned onto Cicero and give a slight nod with her eyes closed. "I don't see why our family can't know the truth."

Arnbjorn narrowed his eyes and rose to his feet once he examined his now sleeping wife for further injury. "The truth about what?"

The Dunmer turned her head towards him, eyes glazed with exhaustion. "Astrid was attacked by a dragon."

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"A DRAGON? What in Sithis' name Astrid?" but a hand quickly came over the vampire's mouth, silencing her immediately.

"Shut it! I don't want anyone knowing, because then there will be questions I don't feel like answering," Astrid replied.

It was four in the morning in the Dark Brotherhood Sanctuary, and everyone was currently asleep at the same time, for a change. Astrid's injury had caused a lot of panic, and in turn, everyone was exhausted from the events that had transpired. She remained fast asleep in a magic-induced coma for the entirety of the day, being watched over in intervals by each of the Brotherhood's members, even Cicero at one point. She had just woken up to find the vampire that never slept reading a book on Crimson Nirnroot by her bed, and she had never been happier to see a familiar face.

"But a dragon!" Babette whispered excitedly, throwing her hands in the air and tipping back in her chair. "How in the Void did you survive?"

Astrid eyed her in annoyance before raising one eyebrow. "See this is why I can't tell anyone besides you," she muttered. "I spoke to it. I

recognized its language from back home on Berk."

Babette's eye's widened, her curiosity getting the best of her. She hid her actual age and acted much more like a child. "No. Way," she awed, mouth agape.

Astrid moaned and flopped back down onto the bed, staring at the cave ceiling. "I hate when you act 10 and not 300."

Babette coughed lightly in her fist before straighten out in the chair and puffing out her chest, trying to look more adult but just looking more like an idiot than Cicero. "The adult. Is here," she said, three octaves lower to exemplify her stature.

But Astrid just ignored her, staring at the roof but furrowing her brows in concentration.

Babette's mouth settled into a firm unamused line and she slouched forward, her chin landing in her hand. "You're no fun." At still hearing no response, she tilted her gaze to stare at her. "I know that face, what are you thinking about?"

Astrid turned her head against the pillow to lock eyes with Babette. "You know those Norse myths, don't you? Of theâ€|Dragonborn?" she almost mumbled.

The vampire's eyebrows shot into her hairline. Her mouth rapidly expanded with gathering laughter before she put her hand over her face and muffled her giggles, entire body shaking.

"I didn't mean me!" Astrid interrupted, though Babette ignored her. "Stupid she-devilâ€|"

Babette finally looked up, whipping a tear from her eye. "Wow, I haven't laughed that hard since I sent that drunk baker to Sithis, or when Cicero slipped and landed his face in front of the pool trying to impress the Listener. Both were great." She was still giggling, but Astrid was having none of it.

"Babette, I'm serious, I meant Hiccup."

The vampire brought her hand to her chin as if she was thinking, then tossed her head back and forth as if to consider her statement. "Well that is possible," she mused. "But I will have to say 'nah' to that one. He's not the stuff of legends." She shook her head, and Astrid dropped her jaw indignantly as she sat up to face her.

"Oh come on! I am sure he's not nearly as skinny as I described him," Astrid corrected.

Babette chuckled. "Can't go back from talking fishbone."

Suddenly Astrid's demeanor changed. She flipped her hair back seductively and slipped a hand under her blanket to stroke along her thigh, wagging her eyebrows with a sultry grin. "Well he's the stuff of my legends."

Babette crinkled her nose and pretended to gag. "Please. I must avert my virgin eyes. Excuse me while I drain someone dry instead of listen to you." She instantly blushed and let her face fall, realizing the

connotations linked to her statement.

Astrid threw her head back and laughed, slapping a hand against her leg. "I bet that Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, the Hope and Heir to the Tribe of the Hairy Hooligans is Skyrim's savior too." She stared against the wall both with dreamy and saddened eyes. "I bet you he is the Dragonborn."

Babette leaned forward, cupping a hand on the side of her mouth to seem secretive. "How much is that bet worth to you, Astrid?"

Astrid crinkled her brow and faced her again. "Not like I will ever see him again to find out," she said.

Babette shrugged. "Well then you won't have much to lose then. 30 Septims," she bartered, thrusting out her hand.

The blonde eyed her outstretched hand carefully and narrowed her eyes, bringing her gaze back up to the vampire's eyes. She licked her lips and clasped hands with her. "50. And you're on, little girl."

The two shook on it.

Hope you enjoyed! Don't forget to leave a review below, it will be greatly appreciated! Thanks for reading :)

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file.